Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the ſunne with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Marcus. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my paſſios bottomleſſe with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the ſea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.

And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deepe a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Marc. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere?
Thy other baniſht ſonne with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemie,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?